

THE  
ROCK  
CAIRN

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RPI Troy, New York 12181

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map of Lake Colden and surrounding area, from USGS topographical map  
of "Mt. Marcy" quadrangle

NOTE

This will be the last CAIRN published by the acting CAIRN editor, Steve Karon, now that the official CAIRN editor, Paula Champion, has returned from her Co-op assignment.

CWALC

ALGONQUIN AND IROQUOIS

Once upon a time, one black bear (Evan Bergen), 3 Skidmore girls (whose names I cannot remember), and a few ROCers set out for a hike on a pleasant Fall day. A couple of thousand feet up on Algonquin, it was also nice, but just a little different. You could look down through breaks in the blowing snow and see the bright green fields lying like so many emeralds below you, and wonder at the beauty of the rime ice growing on Steve Morse's bare legs, or contemplate the power of the wind whistling through your frozen shoes.

But such beauty couldn't last forever, and so, while some returned to the cars in the world below, the rest pushed on into the warm moist snow of the col, which leaped at us, and clung as if we were old friends meeting after long separation. Then, finally, the snow of the col still clinging to us, we reached the summit of Iroquois, and not wanting to violate the tranquility of the scene, left the register as we found it, frozen in its can, and departed quietly in the gale that swept the summit.

Passing once again over the summit of Algonquin, we paused to admire, then continued on our way as worldly cares became more pressing, until finally we rejoined our friends in the world below, and once more accepted the trials and pains of life in the lower world.

Pete

Lake Colden in the Adirondacks is at an elevation of 2764 feet.

CWALC

ONE FOR THE ROAD

A scholarly (well that's debateable-ed.) dissertation on the hazards of driving in New England as experienced by Bob Saunders the weekend of the UCONN Square Dance.

Murphy's First Law- If anything can go wrong, it will.

Friday, December 8, at 5 PM, Bob Saunders, Tom McCrory, Bill Sorn, and Russ Hallock bid a fond adieu to RPI and headed East on the Mass. Turnpike. Forsaking Massachusetts for Connecticut, we headed South, and reached Hartford at 6:45. UCONN was only 20 miles away. But, in East Hartford, disaster struck. Rt. 44 had somehow become Main Street and the way was lost. This was due mainly to the State of Connecticut, which, in a parsimonious effort to save money, had neglected to post route signs. After returning to Hartford on Rt. 44 (alias Rt. 84) (alias Rt. 15) the electrical system went dead. The reason for this was quite simple; the fan belt had disappeared. This necessitated driving back to Hartford for the third time to find a gas station

before the engine melted, a fate which was narrowly avoided. The departed belt was replaced by a shifty eyed attendant, which was a size too big for the engine. Leaving Hartford for the third time, we reached Rt. 44 (alias Rt. 84)(alias Rt. 15)(alias the Wilbur Cross Parkway), and arrived at UCONN, begraggled, saddle sore, with a loose fan belt, at 9 pm. The 2½ hour trip (supposedly) had taken four(count them, four) hours.

But all is not ended. Bob(in a weak moment) mentioned that he was driving to Boston the next day to Gardner Perry's for some equipment. Tom McCrory and Steve Morse decided to accompany him(also in weak moments). Leaving UCONN at 9:30, we came into view of Boston in 90 minutes, and the fun began. After driving through various unexplored parts of Greater (ha) Boston, we arrived at the dorm of Simmon's College where Steve's sister lives. Upon entering, we were confronted by a matron of 90 years or so, who refused to divulge any information which might have been helpful. Finally she broke down and confessed that Steve's sister had gone to northern New Hampshire on a MITOC trip. If at first you don't succeed, try,try, again. Tom called a female acquaintance at Boston U., and after obtaining approximate directions, our merry band proceeded thence. After a genuine Lambeck, our group arrived, and after ringing the doorbell for five minutes (continuous), were greeted by the house mother, whose initial comment was "What the hell do you want!" After gorging themselves on lunch (something all three of them had missed) the fair ladies returned and admitted they had no idea where Gardner Perry's was. Leaving Tom at B.U., the group continued on its pilgrimage. After many adventures in Cambridge(Cambridge???-who goes to Gardner's from BU by way of Cambridge-ed.) Gardner Perry's was reached, and the equipment was procured(at last). After retrieving Tom, our group threaded their way through the labyrinth that is Boston, and headed westward into the setting sun.

TtT

#### NOTES FROM OTHER OUTING CLUBS

Hudson Valley Community College, located in beautiful, scenic picturesque Troy, New York, would like to announce the formation of an outing club, to be known as the Hudson Valley Outing Club(HVOC).

Meetings are held semi-occasionally, with trips usually every week.

HVOC would like to invite any other outing club to join us on our trips, and hopes other clubs will extend the same to HVOC.

Their mailing address is:

Hudson Valley Outing Club  
c/o Hudson Valley Community College  
Vandenburg Ave.  
Troy, New York 12180

HVOC has, at this time about 20 active members, and hopes to have more, as their club gains interest on campus. Membership is open to all students or faculty at the school.

SteveAK

Lake Colden in the Adirondacks of New York is at an elevation of 2764 feet.

CWALC

O, Say Can You See?  
 or  
 Who Covered Up the Skylight?

R-r-r-r-r-ring! "5:30? Already? ...Uhhh!"...drip! drip! drip!  
 drip-drop! drip!..."Jim, tell me we're not going climbing today!"

And there we were, Jim Drake, Steve Morse, and myself, in a Colden leanto, the first day of winter, contemplating dubiously the long-awaited adventure. But when we were finally ready to start out (8:00), the skies stopped crying and decided to pout all day.

Now if you can think back to your first trip on snowshoes, you will understand my situation. I mean, I've got big feet, and it took me a year to be able to manage them! Then to make it worse, I had to learn the secrets of mickey-mouse boot trudging (Steve calls mine "Minnie Mouse Boots", but then anything looks small to people who wear "Roger Rat Boots!"). Well, imagine the pure glee with which I faced the prospect of stomping along with feet five times bigger than my own for a whole day! That's like having ten feet tied together in two clumps! I finally got the hang of going up hills without sliding down backwards, when all of a sudden I came face to face with the most discouraging sight that a beginning snowshoer can come face to face with - an icy, snowy LADDER! It just had no right to be there! But after conquering that, I felt that nothing could stop me; so off we trod.

Only one thing slowed us down - it seems that some thoughtless camper left a man-alluring magazine at the Lake Tear Leanto and... well, I guess you can understand the delay! After I finally got Steve and Jim on the trail, we made it to the top of Skylight and marveled at the view we had of each other (That was the only view worth mentioning). We plummeted back to earth where Steve made a discovery - an Adirondack man-trap! Jim also made a discovery - It is possible to use an out-house with your snowshoes on! (He has yet to figure out how to close the door!)

It was a fast, well-paced trip back to our leanto at Colden where four dedicated people labored hard to prepare our evening meal. After supper, we crossed the lake to Charley Nolin's cabin and related the day's adventure to him. After hearing the whole story, he predicted rain for the following day. It seems that, according to tradition, a climber must carry a rock from the base of Skylight to the summit to prevent rain the following day. We didn't, and it didn't. It snowed!

Nancy Clauson (ASOC)  
 Guest Wronger

UCONN -DANCE TRIP DEC. 8-10, 1967

AT THE LIBRARY- After breakfast, Saturday morning, our intrepid expedition split up, with one group proceeding on its fateful way to Boston and another bent on a through exploration of the dark recesses of the UCONN library. Our excuse was that we had to study, but, well, you know how it is with an ROC trip. Inside the library we set our books down at some convenient desks and proceeded to wander(aimlessly) through the premises. One or two of the 5 of us actually got some work done, but for the rest of us; our attention was caught by a lot of back issues of Time and Life magazine, so we sat and marveled at

past history while the clock used up all our time. Sometime between eleven and one (don't know exactly when), we finally gave up and left.

SPAGETTI SUPPER- The UCOC was providing a spaghetti supper for us at the Episcopal Church on campus. Around 6:30, or so, we had all got there, and the food was ready so we got in line to pay our 75¢, receive our meal, and sit down to eat.

Steve Morse got his heaping helping, sat down, and promptly did a double-take as he pulled from the mass a forkful of blue spaghetti. Everyone else did too. No one else's plate was so endowed, which added to the mystery. Meanwhile the UCOC guys were scratching their heads, and poking through their spaghetti vats, trying to find more of the blue strands. Someone quietly drew our attention to the blue beret on the head of a UCOC-ian, and this really didn't increase our appetites any. Nevertheless, it was an enjoyable meal and the UCOC did an excellent job in preparing and serving it.

SONG FEST- After the Square Dance, we proceeded to Dean Wallace's cabin, and had ourselves a song fest. Though not quite as rousing or energetic as it could be (everyone was tired from the dance) we still had fun as we did the telephone booth jammers one better by squeezing 54, count them, 54 people and/or ROC-ians into the little room. Needless to say, it was a trifle stifling until the windows were opened. Songs, melodies, or noble efforts at such poured forth until about two in the morning, after which we dispersed to our respective quarters, or sleeping bags on Dean's front lawn.

(Author unknown or hiding)

Bald Mountain, 2 mi. east of Rocky Peak in the Adirondacks is 3060 ft.

THE WEATHER WAS COLDEN DAMP AND THERE WAS LITTLE OR NO SKYLIGHT

What would you say if you were a check-out girl at the Central Market in Troy Plaza and saw two people; Nancy Clauson(ASOC) and Jim Drake; approach your cash register with three grocery carts, worth \$149, full of goodies: 28 lbs cheese, 21 boxes of raisens, 26 lbs of hard candy, 11 bags of chocolate chips, etc? Well, that is what we had to buy on 16 Dec 1967, in preparation for a pre-Christmas trip to Lake Colden and WinMous at J.B.L.

After buying all this food, and additional food later, it took Kathe Fox(SAC), Nancy Clauson(ASOC), Steve Morse, Dick Andrews and Jim Drake the rest of the day to repackage the food.

Later Saturday, Bob Brown(U.Del.O.C.) bopped up to Albany by bus. We(Kathe Fox, Dick Andrews, Bob Brown, Steve Morse and Jim Drake), left Troy at about 9:00 Sunday morning, arriving at the Loj(This spelling is a carry-over from when the Lake Flacid Club owned the Loj. Millville Dewey, of Dewey Decimal fame, developed a "simplified spelling, and this is part of it) at about noon and struck out for Avalanche Camp, arriving there at about 4:00, had supper and went to bed (The mouse failed to make an appearance.).

Monday, we left Avalanche Camp at about 9:00 and proceeded up Misery Hill. After going through Avalanche Pass, we met Charley Nolin, the ranger at Lake Colden, and then crossed Avalanche Lake on the ice.

While crossing a small brook near the outlet, Jim went into the brook, and ended up with one wet foot and that foot in a hip deep hole. After struggling out, Jim wrung out his socks with Steve's help. Help was needed since it was done standing up with full 60 lb packs.

We arrived at Lake Colden at about 1:00 pm, put on our snow shoes for snow shoe practice.

After supper, we all went over to Charley Nolin's cabin for tea. During this "tea time", Charley asked if Jim had a pair of long pants with him (It might be noted here that Jim's standard above  $-10^{\circ}\text{F}$ , below below-timberline outfit was: cutoff blue jeans, a short sleeve wool sweater, sox hat, mittens and "mouse" boots).

Tuesday, we climbed Mt. Colden. While hiking along Lake Colden, we saw bear tracks going across the lake. Above tree line, creepers were put on and needed due to ice. We summited at about 1:00, had a universal view, and then went "trail bagging". Going down the backside of Colden to Lake Arnold, to Feldspar and down the Opalescent Brook to our leanto, arriving after dark. Steve and Jim went to see Charley, Steve downed a second eight cups of tea.

Wednesday, believe it or not, was clear. We decided to go for Algonquin, with Dick and Kathe going out to the Loj over Algonquin. About half-a-mile above Charley's, Kathe and Dick decided that they had bitten off more than they could chew, retreated and went out over Avalanche Pass. Steve, Bob, and Jim then continued up Algonquin. Just below the col, it was decided to turn around and head down. A real heart-break since it was the only clear day we had. After supper we went and saw Charley.

Thursday, we were going to climb Skylight, while Dick and Kathe were "out", getting Nancy Clauson and Dick's brother Clifford. We punted, however. In the afternoon, we played hockey on Lake Colden in "mouse" boots, using ice-axes for sticks, and ice chips for the puck. Just after dark, Nancy and Co. arrived in the rain. Nancy, Steve, and Jim were intending to get up early and climb Skylight, so we moved to another leanto, and didn't move back.

Friday, Nancy, Steve, and Jim climbed Skylight (See article by our special guest authoress).

Saturday, Marcy was climbed by all but Jim (I hope someone wrote one on this) who went "lake-leanto-trail-and waterfall baggin'", going to Hanging Spear Falls. He then popped popcorn and made cranberry sauce (yes! cranberry sauce).

Sunday, again a cloudy day, all of us but Kathe climbed Algonquin. The weather was cold, about  $+2^{\circ}\text{F}$  and not windy. There were several interesting events: 1) Cliff engaged in "goof-up Jim" tactics including chopping up the trail with an ice-axe so Jim would break through into hip deep snow. 2) Nancy decided that in lieu of cups, you can drink water out of a baggy.

Sunday night we had turkey glop and cranberry sauce. As it was Christmas eve; Steve, Nancy and Jim went on their daily trip to Charley's with candle in hand to sing Christmas carols. While there, they also made popcorn and cranberry chains, and a star.

Arriving back in camp at 11:00, with everyone else in bed, they then decorated a small spruce tree and went to bed.

The next day, Christmas day, was ushered in with the prancing of tiny reindeer hooves and Christmas presents from Santa to the girls on the trip.

After packing and taking "snoopy" pictures, we bid fond farewell to Charley and Lake Colden (Lake Colden For College Week) and went out

to the Loj, arriving at about noon. We then drove over to the new, enlarged Garden to leave Cliff, Nancy, and Bob off to hike into JBL for Winter Mountaineering School.

The rest of us went back to (ugh!) Troy to have baked beans with Dicks sister, Jane.

Tuesday, we seperated and went our respective ways to our destinations for the rest of the vacation, In my case Troy.

Jim Drake

COLLEGE WEEK AT LAKE COLDEN---CWALC

JBL WINTER SCHOOL

Although the school started with almost no snow at JBL, trips went out each day. Such peaks were ~~as~~ Big Slide, Yard, Basin, Gothics, Lower and Upper Wolfjaw, Armstrong and Saddleback were climbed. Conditions improved after the second day, when a midnight snow brought about 8 fresh inches. Although on all previous days, the view was poor or nonexistent, the last day of the school was a perfect day, not too warn, and absolutely clear. All in all, JBL Winter School was quite a success, and everyone had a good time.

SteveAK

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USE THIS SPACE FOR PENCILING IN ROC ELECTION RESULTS